hell-raising and don’t need saving

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hell-raising and don’t need saving

by Flightless_Bird

Summary

> “”Did some digging,” Mason continued, as though the exchange had never happened. “Will Graham, right? ‘Special Agent?’ Let me see if I got this right: caught the Shrike, the Dragon, and uh—“ A raucous laugh, like a crow wheezing. “—the Ripper.” He whistled. “You sure know how to pick ‘em, Doctor.” “
>
> Or: The Verger Farm Incident

Notes

> I was working on this for a little while before the last fic, and now it’s done! I’m very excited to share, but also nervous, as this is significantly gorier than my other fics. Basically, this is the Run Away With Me series’ version of the Verger Farm debacle.
>
> I think tags have all of the warnings but I’ll put more detailed ones here for the tags that were vague, so that you can decide better based on those:
> - eye trauma: someone gets a poker through the eye
> - someone is stabbed in the throat
> - gunshots
> - burning alive
> - mason verger: non-consensual overall grubby flirting/pet names
>
> hoo boy, i think that’s it… It’s been a while since I’ve written fight scenes, and i forgot how fun they are. Another song-inspired title, because that’s how i roll lol this time from Problem, by Natalia Kills.
>
> If you do read ahead, I appreciate it so much, and if you liked, let me know, as I love hearing from you :)
>
> You can also make suggestions for more fics, as I really like hearing them! Enjoy!

When Hannibal began to claw his way back to consciousness, the first thing he registered was the smell of firewood. Behind his eyelids, orange flickered and jumped, crackling ominously. There was wood at his back, he realized, his arms tied behind him around a stake of some kind? Before he even opened his eyes, he took stock of himself, not sensing any injuries besides likely bruising around the wrists and shoulders from being maneuvered into and from the van.

The van.

The thought sparked foggy memories: he and Will returning home *late at night. They were laughing together, Will approaching the front door first and Hannibal trailing behind him. Will was the one who noticed, pausing. His eyes flicked to Hannibal's, the laughter dying on his face. "Something's wro—"*

A sharp prick of pain at the back of his neck, Hannibal knowing at once the sensation of a tranquilizer. He brought his hand up to it, but could already feel his limbs growing heavy. In front of him, Will's legs buckled and the last thing he saw was the front door creaking open on its own.

There weren't many people who would go to the trouble of using tranquilizer darts on Hannibal, and he had the list of suspects narrowed down to one person when he finally opened his eyes.

He was in a large, barn-like building, dim and only lit by the roaring fire in the makeshift kiln a yard or so away. Two men stood next to it, both of the thick-shouldered bodyguard type that Mason so loved to employ. The one in the ragged red flannel, scratching at a short goatee, wasn't one that Hannibal knew. But the other, he recognized.

"Piero," Carlo said, elbowing Red Flannel Guy in the side. "He's awake."

Piero grunted, apparently having been half-dozing beforehand, bored with the entire kidnapping it seemed. How quaint.

Carlo sidled up in front of Hannibal, dark eyes glittering with pent-up rage. Hannibal remembered those eyes; they looked much like his brother's, Matteo's, though his has been wide with terror as Hannibal sliced open his chest. "You remember me?" Carlo demanded, cocking his head expectantly to one side.

"No," Hannibal lied, to watch the outrage spark over Carlo's face.

Next to the kiln, Piero snorted a bit and Carlo shot a searing look in his direction.

Hannibal had already ascertained that Will wasn't in the building with them, which meant that Mason had had the two separated. He considered not asking, as he didn't want to give them any more reason to hurt Will, but since he'd been taken too, Mason had probably already figured out that they were together. "Where is Will?"

Carlo turned back to him, an ugly sneer curling his lip up. “Don’t worry. He’s doing fine. He’s with Mason now. Wanted him all to himself.”

Dread sank like a cold blade into Hannibal’s chest, but he kept his expression neutral.

“Don’t know why,” Piero grumbled, sifting around in the kiln with a fire poker. “Looks like a fuckin’ horror show.”

“Eh, I dunno, I can see why the *freak* likes him.” Carlo gave Hannibal a sickening grin. “Half of his face is still pretty at least, huh?”

Hannibal stayed silent. He didn’t have to tell them he was going to cut out their tongues later tonight.

It was difficult to tell how long he’d been under. It was still dark outside, no sunlight drifting in between the slats of wood. He wondered if Will had been awake for very long and then shoved that thought away. The idea of Mason Verger with any prolonged time with Will wasn’t one he should dwell on at the moment. Instead, he shifted his arms minutely, testing the restraints they’d fastened onto him: zip tie and rope. He could handle that. He glanced over the two men again, taking stock of the gun at Piero’s waistband, the poker in his hands, and off to the side, resting near the fire, a branding iron with the Verger’s farm logo. So far, three weapons he could use.

Suddenly, the loud *bang* of a rickety wooden door snapped and echoed off the barn’s walls, followed by a scuffle of footsteps. Hannibal recognized the revving of a motorized wheelchair a moment before Piero helpfully said, “there they are now.”

Mason Verger himself, in all his ruined glory, rolling into the room with long grey braid trailing behind him. Two more men followed, dragging a livid Will Graham between them. He staggered a bit, limbs still drug-heavy, but if looks could kill, everyone in the room would’ve dropped dead. He still wore the clothes from when they were taken, save for a missing jacket, and blood was spattered across the front of his shirt and face. Hannibal noted —with a bitten-back smile—that most of it wasn’t Will’s. The man at Will’s right could only hold onto his arm with one hand, the other pressing a bloodsoaked towel to the side of his head. Mason’s fingers were also freshly bandaged.

Will, sporting a cut eyebrow and likely zip-tied as well, found Hannibal’s gaze as he was moved closer. His expression softened, only slightly: *are you okay*?

Hannibal gave the smallest of nods, and Will’s shoulders sagged in relief.

“Hello, Doctor Lecter,” Mason greeted cheerily. He halted his chair about a yard away, giving a look up at Hannibal that Hannibal thought must be a smile.

“Mason,” he returned. “You look…” He let the pause hang as he trailed his eyes over the massacre of Mason’s face and neck, even the wheelchair. “…the same.”

“Well, beggars can’t be choosers when it comes to all that, I guess,” Mason rattled out. “Have my boys been keeping you well?”

“As well as I’d expect.”

“Good.” Then Mason waved a hand toward Will, ice-blue eye gleaming. “I gotta tell you, I like your little plaything. Feisty. Bit off Tommaso’s ear when he woke up.”

Will spoke up, voice hoarse and *dripping* with malice. “Tasted like shit.”

Tommaso, the man still gripping the towel against his head, shifted on his feet uncomfortably. Hannibal had never loved Will more.

“Did some digging,” Mason continued, as though the exchange had never happened. “Will Graham, right? ‘Special Agent?’ Let me see if I got this right: caught the Shrike, the Dragon, and uh—“ A raucous laugh, like a crow wheezing. “—the Ripper.” He whistled. “You sure know how to pick ‘em, Doctor.”

Carlo butted in again, rolling his eyes. “Can we move along already?” His gaze turned on Hannibal, burning. “I want the snake to pay for what he did. You promised I could.”

As though this was a minor inconvenience to him and not implied physical torture, Mason sighed. “Whatever, yeah, might as well. As long as he’s still alive after.”

A crooked grin spread maliciously across Carlo’s face, as he turned to Piero and held out his hand. Piero handed him the fire poker and Hannibal started to ready a room deep within his mind palace.

And Will, his lovely beautiful Will, nearly wrenched Tommaso and the other henchman off their feet as he lunged forward. Tommaso squeaked as he dropped the towel, momentarily forcing his friend to grab at Will’s arms with both hands to keep him back.

Piero reared back a little. “*Damn*.”

“You touch him, and I’ll rip off your *fucking hands* and shove them *down your throat*,” Will snarled, eyes scorching like blue hellfire.

It had been a while since Hannibal had seen that animal in him boil up, the wolf snapping its jaws for blood. He tried to find Will’s gaze again, wanting him to know that it would be all right, that Hannibal could handle this and it would be easier for them if they tried not to react to Mason’s antics.

“Oh-hohohoooo!” Mason crowed. “Look at him go!” His mangled mouth formed a smirk as his men eventually forced Will down, only stopping the struggle when he was brought to his knees. Mason licked the place where his lips should have been. “You know, Oreste said he was rather ugly, but uhh, I get it, I see it, Doctor. It’s the eyes, isn’t it?” Reaching over with the useless cane he insisted on bringing along, he nudged it against Will’s jaw, turning his face toward him.

Growling, Will jerked away, looking like a particularly riled up dog. He looked up at Hannibal then, and Hannibal could see the hidden panic there, the question. Hannibal dipped his head just a fraction: *it’s okay.*

Carlo drove the poker upward and the room swayed away from Hannibal as he retreated back into a library of his mind palace. This sort of practice had saved him quite a few times in the past, from similar situations. He'd learned it young. Just enough of himself was conscious to be aware of what was occurring, but the pain was nothing more than an itch in his skull. He waited next to a looming bookshelf, and once the poker had been ripped back out of his eye socket, he brought himself blinking to the surface again.

Hurts, he thought, the pain thrumming throughout his entire head with each heartbeat, but he was able to ignore that easily enough. He was faced with the scene of Carlo's and Piero's horrified expressions, Mason cackling, and Will glaring down at the floor because he hadn't watched.

"Fucking freak," Piero muttered.

"Oh, this is getting interesting, isn't it?" Mason fluttered his fingers at Carlo. "Carlo. Brand him, would you?"

Will had caught on that it was better for them, that Hannibal didn't want them to react outwardly; but when his gaze shot back up to Hannibal's, Hannibal could see the quiet anguish there. A brand was different, a brand was possessive, twisted ownership. Hannibal longed to soothe him, *it's okay, just wait, my love, just wait,* but he remained dutifully silent. When he glimpsed Piero and Carlo circling him with the white-hot iron, he once again called up a room in his mind palace. He waited until he felt Piero steer him to one side, tugging up his shirt to bare the side of his back before he waded back into numbness.

From beside the bookshelf again, an old sketchbook of his in his hands, he wrinkled his nose at the smell of burning flesh. At the height of where he would feel the pain, he allowed his body to tip as though he was trying to escape it; he used the opportunity to test the restraints against him again, shifting his hands. The rope work was messy, the zip ties would be the most difficult. But Mason's men had seemed to have relied far more on the drugs to keep him down because he could tell that if he used the corner of the stake, he could find an angle to work free. Most didn't expect him to be able to put up much of a fight, even after his first incarceration—probably due to size. That was why Matteo had been slaughtered so easily, the first time Mason had pulled this stunt.

Right arm first, he decided, as he began to stroll back to consciousness. *Piero's gun next.*

"This is bullshit," Carlo snapped, tossing the branding iron back into the kiln. Sparks billowed out angrily.

Piero studied Hannibal's expression with narrowed eyes. "He's just fuckin' with us, he can feel it," he reassured. There was amusing doubt coloring his words.

"Still, it's no fun," Mason lamented. Exhaling in a long creaking *whoosh*, he gestured to Will. "All right, fine. Hold him down, will ya?"

Oreste and Tommaso—with wary hesitance on Tommaso's part—adjusted their grip on Will's shoulders and yanked him around to better face Mason. Hannibal straightened up against the stake. Buying time with himself wasn't difficult for him, but to watch them hurt Will—

Mason tapped his chin, scrutinizing Will for a long moment, as Will glowered up at him. “Hmm… I think I’d like you to be a little more evened out, ya know what I mean?” Mason asked, bringing his cane up again to the unscarred side of Will’s face. “Finish you up. This sloppiness is bothering me.”

Will arched a brow. “Better hackjob than yours.”

Bristling, Mason waved away the knife Carlo had slipped from his pocket. “No. That.” He pointed back to the branding iron. “I want him to remember me for the rest of his short life.”

The walk Carlo took from Mason to the kiln seemed to slow down, as though he drifted through muddy water. Hannibal had leaned forward, feigning pain from his injuries, in order to grind the rope and zip ties against the stake. He just had to get the right angle and he would be free, but he was running out of time. Real, true fear, something he hadn’t felt in decades, spiked up in his stomach as the iron was pulled from the kiln.

“I will kill you, Mason,” he vowed, before he could stop himself.

Mason fucking Verger fucking giggled. “Got him.”

He needed Carlo’s help to heft the iron, which he accepted gladly. The iron casted a dim orange light across Will’s face and jaw as it passed him and Mason adjusted it in his grip. It flickered in his eyes as they met Hannibal’s, and Hannibal saw by the stubborn set of his jaw that Will was ready to take it, but he didn’t want Hannibal to watch.

No no no Hannibal’s wrist burned as he twisted it against the zip tie. Almost there, he was almost there.

The zip tie had just scraped past his palm when the iron came flashing forward—

—and Will, taking advantage of Tommaso’s weaker grip, yanked his head to one side.

The brand hit Tommaso’s arm and he cursed loudly, letting go of Will as he reeled backward. Carlo jerked the iron back on instinct. Hannibal’s heart jumped when it clipped the back of Will’s neck, but Will didn’t hesitate. Hands freed in the distraction, he caught the iron just below the point of burning and turned on one knee; hauling it free from Carlo’s grasp, he slammed it into Oreste’s face. Shrieking, Oreste dropped away from Will as his cheek steamed.

With a final pull, Hannibal’s right arm was free and he surged away from the stake. Piero swore, scrambling to get his gun out of his waistband as he staggered back toward the kiln. He’d only raised it halfway up when the heel of Hannibal’s palm broke his nose. Blood spurted and even as Hannibal deftly slipped the gun from Piero’s hand, he couldn’t help but cast enraptured glances toward Will.

Will was beautifully vicious, standing now and swinging the iron back around as Carlo tried to jump him from behind. Rocking his head back, Carlo managed to dodge the first strike, but wasn’t fast enough on the second: the brand seared into the center of his chest, eliciting a strangled cry as he tripped backwards. His back met the ground, hands trembling as they tried

to touch the burn but shied away at the pain. Flipping the iron around in his hand, Will drove the opposite end through Carlo's throat. Scarlet sprayed outward as Carlo gurgled and twitched, fingers scraping uselessly against the pole through his windpipe.

Will watched, smearing Carlo's blood off the side of his mouth with his thumb. When he stepped into other killers, before, he'd always glazed over, lost in them. When he himself killed, now, he became a lit fuse, eyes like blue sparks, savage, fast.

Hannibal would do *anything* for him.

Piero was annoyingly alive, groaning around his shattered nose, so Hannibal fixed that. He fired two shots from Piero's gun, one through his right shoulder, the other into his left. They knocked him backward, sending him crashing into the kiln, and the flames ate him up greedily. Hannibal let him scream and struggle as he strode toward the remaining few men.

Tommaso had abandoned them, not keen on losing any more body parts, so there were only Oreste and Mason left. Oreste was tilting dizzily to his feet again, hissing at the burned skin of his cheek.

"D—*do* something!" Mason barked. "Suck it up and do your job!"

Hannibal took his place next to Will and cocked the gun, leveling at Oreste calmly.

"Do you really want to try it?" he asked, tipping his head to one side.

Will rolled his shoulders, adjusting the branding iron's weight in his hand. "Please try it."

Oreste did not. He turned and ran, stumbling for the door in his haste. Hannibal allowed him to think he'd made it, then put a bullet through his spine.

Now there was only Mason. Mason, Mason, Mason…

The two turned to him in sync, like pack animals zeroing in on prey. Mason paled even more, if possible. "Now—now listen," he choked out, holding out a hand in a *calm down now* gesture. "This was jus' a little fun, right? Right? Doctor Lecter? Like that time you cut me up? It's like that."

"Yes, Mason," Hannibal assured him with a polite smile. "Just like that." Then he glanced sideways at Will. "How long were you awake with him?"

Will hadn't looked away from Mason, the way hounds locked onto a fox. "An hour."

"N—nothing happened!" Mason protested. "Oreste roughed him up a little, but you already got him back!"

"You have an hour after you wake up," Hannibal told him lightly.

Will smirked and one blow from the back of Hannibal's gun knocked Mason to unconsciousness. As he slumped forward, the last threat gone, Will dropped the iron with a

dull *thud* onto the dirt floor. Hannibal turned to him, about to ask if he was okay, but then Will had taken his jaw carefully in his hands as he pulled their mouths together.

He tasted of someone else's blood and sickly-sweet adrenaline, and the gun slipped out of Hannibal's grasp. He kissed back with a groan low in his throat, hands catching in the back of Will's shirt. There was a steady pain radiating from his mangled eye and the brand, but it all faded away in the hot press of Will's mouth under his.

"You were magnificent," Hannibal said breathlessly against him. "Brutal. I could watch you kill for hours, sweet thing."

Will shivered, and Hannibal saw from the pleased curve of his lips that he was preening under the praise. Will thumbed away some of the blood from Hannibal's cheek. "I wish I could've stopped them from—"

"It's all right, Will," Hannibal told him. "I've been through far worse."

Will kissed him again, deep and adoring, catching Hannibal's bottom lip in his teeth. "You looked incredible," he murmured. "You didn't even flinch. I was so in love with you."

Humming appreciatively, Hannibal watched the firelight play in Will's hair and reflect in his eyes. "Let's go home, shall we? We need to prepare for our guest, after all."

Something dark and gleeful slipped into Will's expression as he nodded.

And they did just that.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!